

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1902.

NUMBER 52

Published every week.  
\$1.00 a year, in advance

"There are more men-ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

## The Dying Year

Goodby Old Year! We speed the parting guest.  
Although your life was short, you lived your span.  
You have your time to live and die like man,  
And now has come your time to go to rest.  
You rounded out the life you well began,  
You frolicked with the Spring when you were young.  
And to the long radiant Summer clung.  
When o'er the hills the blushing Autumn ran.  
You followed her and lingered at her side  
Until she fled when Winter came in sight.  
Armed with his weapons for a sturdy fight.  
With him so grim you could not well abide.  
You being old and weak, he in his prime,  
Death comes to you just in the nick of time.  
—Boston Transcript.

## The Trial Of A "Sneak"

Five or six sophomores of Acadia College were assembled in John Moran's room. Counting them, I find there were six—Theod Pendall, Billy Harris, Cole Carey, Jess Presdon, Johnny, and myself. College had been running about six weeks on the fall terms and we were getting pretty well acquainted with the thirty or forty new men who had come in. It was regarding these that the sophs were now conversing.

Johnny I thought was the handsomest fellow in the class, with his large build, big head, wide brow, light, curly hair, and laughing blue eyes; and he now had the floor. The others were scattered around, three on the bed and two on the table.

"Yes," Johnny was saying, with an expression as near a frown as he ever got on that smooth front of his, "I tell you, fellows, there's a sneak in the building, a dirty sneak! That's the only explanation. How else could the faculty get on to everything that's going?—How could the Old Doc know it was Enoch Morse that blew the fife the night we had the racket on the roof? Or that Billy here manipulated the bellows for the fog-horn? And it's been the same way with everything this term; every time we have had a little fun that wasn't down on the calendar, the next morning the Old Doc sends over to the building—'I want to see Thomas William Fowler Harris,' or whoever it may be that got it up, 'immediately in my office,' and he never misses the ringleaders."

"That's right, Johnny; that's right," said Jess, our husky foot-ball captain, who was a man of action rather than words.

Theod Pendall interrupted. "I don't agree with you," he said. Theod never was carried away by enthusiasm unless it appealed to his cool reason. "Remember, the Old Doc has been here a good while. These little rackets of ours are a pretty old story to him. He has known us sophomores for a year, and I don't see anything very remarkable in his being able to pick out the boys that cut up the campers."

"The trouble with some fellows is," answered Johnny, "they think the Old Doc is supernatural, think he is omniscient, think he can see in the dark, and know what's going on behind closed doors. How could he know about that roof racket unless somebody put him on to it?"

"Good gracious, man," said Theod, getting off the table, "didn't people hear that racket clear over to Canning, five miles away? Wouldn't the doctor hear it a block away? Couldn't he put up his window and hear every word that anybody could hear above the din—tin pans, pokers and shovels, tin horns, Enoch's fife and the fog-horn? Don't you suppose he knows Enoch is the only man on the Hill that plays the fife like an old soldier? and couldn't he hear you bawling, 'Toot her up again, Billy,' whenever Harris' arm got fired with turning the fog-horn crank?"

Johnny turned to me. "What do you think about it, Jud?" I was lying on the bed with my feet over the foot-board; but on being addressed I got up, took a chair, and seated myself with the back between my legs, for I had thought of something, and I wanted to make it impressive.

"I'll tell you, fellows, I think this is a very serious matter. If there's a traitor in the camp running to the doctor with things, we want to know it and give him his medicine; and, if the Old Doc is a mind-reader from way back, we

want to know that, and conduct ourselves accordingly. Now, I've got a proposition. I know whom you fellows suspect, and so do you: it's this fresh-faced freshe from Restigouche. I move we take out a warrant for his arrest, and try him before the Hazing Court!"

Cole Carey gave a yell, and every soph sprang to his feet to second the motion—with the exception of Theod, who took his hat and went out. Johnny and I were appointed a committee of arrangements.

"The fresh-faced freshe" was a description of Allen Jones sufficient for his identification. His skin was as fair as a girl's, and his cheeks burned with a colonial blush. Yet his clear eye was fearless, and he had bearing so erect and manly that, as I looked back on it now, I wonder how he ever came to be suspected of being the college "sneak."

A week from the time of our meeting in Morgan's room everything was ready, and the court was fully organized. At 11 P.M., by twos and threes, witnesses, jurors, police, lawyers, and judge silently made their way through the narrow corridors down the long, dark ell, to Room 13.

This apartment was draped to suit the solemn occasion. Sheets were tacked to the walls all around, covering windows and wall-tints, so that the prisoner, when led there blindfolded, should not know whose room he was in.

By way of ornament, black skulls and cross bones, pinned against the white back-ground, grinned hungrily and vacantly at one another from opposite sides of the room.

At the lower end a terrace of tables was covered with Turkey-red cotton, decorated with mystic symbols cut from white cloth, and at the arrival of the judge he was arrayed in a master's gown and scarlet hood and seated in an easy chair on top of this gorgeous throne.

In front were two draped tables for the lawyers, who wore college caps and gowns. Ranged in chairs at the other end of the room were the jurors, arrayed in white night-shirts, with black college gowns on top.

The six police, with Jess for captain and Carey for first lieutenant, were dressed in football uniform, canvas knee-breeches, and the blue and white striped sweaters in which Acadia at that time took the field.

All the company wore white canvas masks furnished by the committee. Holes were cut for eyes; eyebrows and in some cases mustaches were heavily marked in black, while on each face—on brow, cheek, chin, or across the nose—red ink had been freely used to portray a gaping and bloody gash, fearful to behold.

At first, as the court stood up and faced each other, there went around a suppressed titter, which acceded ill with the gresome visages of the strange company. A begowned sheriff stepped forward and struck the table with a huge wooden battle-axe besmeared, apparently, with gore, and in a hollow voice demanded, "Order in the court!"

The tittering subsided, and the sheriff handed the police captain a roll of paper written in red, and in the same hollow voice gave his instructions.

"Most worthy captain, as sheriff of the Hazing Court, I deputize you and your subordinates to arrest and bring hither, dead or alive, the person mentioned in this document, that he may be tried by this court on the charges herein specified."

Each one of the police brought his heels together, stood erect, with a sweep brought the back of his hand to his forehead, and all retired on the run.

During the half-hour that followed the court amused themselves by guessing one another's names, for none but the committee knew them. Finally, the ell corridor resounded with the tramp of the returning squad. Before the door they paused, and gave three raps. The sheriff stepped to the door and inquired who were without.

"Most worthy sheriff your captain has performed his behest."

"Give the password."

"Blood!" was the reply.

"Admit them," said the judge,

members of the court arose, their eyes twinkling behind their ghastly masks.

The blindfolded prisoner was rushed in. He was handcuffed with an old pair of irons, and two officers pushed him to the prison box—a large cask painted black and red, with a few staves removed to form an opening. All watched the prisoner as the bandage was taken from his eyes. His first look was one of startled astonishment, very close to fear. But, as he looked closely at the dreadful gory masks, a little smile began to play around the corners of his mouth, and a look of appreciation spread over his fair face, as if he, too, entered into the grim humor of the situation.

This would never do. "Sheriff," thundered the judge, "why is this poor wretch brought before the honorable court?"

"Your honor," replied the sheriff, pointing at the prisoner with his battle-axe, "this fellow is charged with the most heinous crime on the calendar of offences possible to a college man."

"Who prefers charges against this man? Let him now speak, or else forever after hold his peace," said the judge solemnly.

Here the lawyer on the right arose. "Your honor."

"Most learned barrister."

"I am here to represent that distinguished and illustrious galaxy of immortals known to the ignoble vulgus as to the sophomore class of Acadia."

This followed by mumbled applause.

"Silence!" cried the sheriff. "And in their name," continued the attorney, "I charge the prisoner at the bar with being—"

A groan ran around behind the masks.

"With being—your honor, so low and mean a word my tongue can hardly frame."

Again a groan ran around.

"Your honor, I charge the prisoner with being a telltale and a sneak."

From the masked company this charge was followed by a loud wailing ending in a wolfish howl articulated in the word, "Blo-o-o!" repeated thrice.

This seemed to have the desired effect. The look of amusement passed from the prisoner's face to be replaced by one of deep gravity, if not anxiety.

For an hour and a half the trial lasted. Witnesses were brought forward to swear that they had seen the prisoner going to the president's house after nine o'clock at night; others, that they had seen him return after ten the same night, and this so often that it could be construed only as a regular appointment. Other evidence was brought in to convict him of listening at the doors of sophomores.

When the prisoner was put on the stand, he easily explained these latter charges; but his visit to the president's house he refused to explain. The case went to the jury, who immediately brought in the verdict, "Guilty."

If the prisoner had looked frightened at this word, no sympathy would have been given him. He showed no fear, but on his face there came a dejected, heartbroken look, with a sudden filling of the eyes and a quivering of the lip, which threatened to take all relish of fun from the further proceedings. So the judge cried, "Has the prisoner at the bar anything to say?"

The freshman looked around on those horrible masks, or rather on the eyes that peered from behind them, and in a second regained his composure.

"Fellows," he began, "I'm not afraid of you. If it was any other judge, I would rather enjoy this trial—for it is well got up—even if you should give me your full punishment. But what hurts me is that you should think me capable of the things you charge me with—a sneak!" The lump arose in his throat, and he could say no more.

"If you are innocent," said the judge, "why don't you explain your visits to the president?"

"Because," answered the freshman with sudden show of anger, "that's none of your business! That's my own private affair. It's nothing that I am ashamed of, and it has nothing to do with your

charges; but it belongs to me, and all the bullies in the sophomore class can't get it out of me. Haze me, if that's what you are after! Pronounce your sentence. I can stand it."

The proper tone being thus restored to the court, Mercy, which, for a moment had hovered over the prisoner's case, gave place to Justice. The judge arranged his hood.

"The prisoner having been found guilty by this court, it becomes my duty to sentence him. I therefore condemn you, Allen Jones, to the pump—three strokes for each pant-leg, which the sheriff will see properly administered, according to the ancient usage of the Hazing Court, and may Pluto, Cerebus, and the Powers of Darkness have mercy on you! Sheriff, do your duty!"

The sheriff signalled with his battle-axe to the captain of police; he motioned to his two henchmen; those bandaged the eyes of the prisoner, and marched him out. Lights were extinguished hastily, and with a wild scramble the court adjourned.

The pump was in the yard, but a short distance from the dormitory. In a few minutes, the boys now utterly disorganized, gownless and unmasked, were circling around the pump and their victim. He was laid on his back, and first one foot, then the other, was drawn up to the spout, while the three strokes should send the cold water down his leg.

Four strokes had thus been given when some one whispered, "Who's that?"

The silhouette of a silk hat could be dimly discerned coming over the rise of ground toward the college.

"The Old Doc!"

And silently, but instantaneously the sophs melted away into the darkness. The prisoner had been relieved of his handcuffs, and he arose and met the president.

"Good evening, sir," he said.

"Ah, Jones, I was just coming for you. I suppose you were expecting me, though you need not have sat up for me."

This was all that was heard by lingering sophs, and the two moved off together.

An anxious group it was that met in Morgan's room to discuss the probabilities. "Confound the sneak," said Morgan, "we made too long work of it. We should have put him through quick, before he had time to find us out. Of course he'll blow, and that will mean expulsion for some of us."

It was a cold night. Indian summer, which had been lingering, had given place to the first touch of winter, and the next morning the ground was frozen stiff. To our surprise, the day passed, and no summons came from the president's office. Jones, however, was not at class, and was not in his room. He did not appear next day, nor the next. Had he left college? I grew anxious.

The fourth day a messenger came to my room, saying the doctor wanted to see me in his private office at once.

"Good-by," said Johnny. "I knew it would come."

"Well," said I, "I'm glad it has. I couldn't have stood this suspense much longer."

Nevertheless, as I entered the president's room I tingled from head to foot. The doctor did not rise, but pushed his glasses down so that he looked through the long-range half, and calling me by my surname, with that enunciation of his which sounded every vowel and made every syllable into a separate word, he said, "I wish to be informed what was done last Monday night to Mr. Allen Jones of the freshman class, and I wish you to inform me."

"Why do you send for me doctor?" said I, for I had been worked up to such a pitch by my thoughts for the last three days that I really cared less about my own fate than I did about finding out whether our suspicions of Jones were correct.

"O," he replied, "I have an idea that you are pretty well informed as to what transpires in Chipman Hall from time to time. Am I not correct?"

"Doctor," I cried, "I will tell you all I know—of course without im-

plicating any one else—if you will answer me one question."

"Well?"

"Hasn't Allen Jones already told you all about Monday night?"

"No," said the president, "not a word. He refuses to do so. Monday night my wife, who as you are aware, is a confirmed invalid, required unusual medical care. Our physician desired a consultation, and wished me to send to Kentville for Dr. Shaw. Young Jones' mother, who is a widow in very moderate circumstances, is our nurse, and has been since the term opened. Indeed, in this way, I believe she pays her son's school bills."

I gave a groan, which the doctor took as a sign that I was much interested, and he proceeded.

"So I had arranged with Jones that, if the consultation was decided on, he should drive to Kentville for Dr. Shaw. I found him near the entrance to Chipman Hall, awaiting me, as I supposed. He went immediately to the stable, took my horse, and drove to Kentville, seven miles, and back. On coming into the house, he perceived he had a violent chill. His clothes were wet and frozen. The physician put him to bed in my house, and he is there still, though I am glad to say, he is recovering. But he has only his young blood to thank that he escaped a severe attack of pneumonia." I was horror-struck.

"Doctor," said I, "I am to blame for this, and I am only thankful it isn't murder. I want you to expel me from college."

Then I told my part of the whole proceeding, repeating my desire to be expelled.

"Well," said the president deliberately, "the faculty will discuss the matter. Whether you are expelled or not, I hope the sophomores have learned a lesson that will last them till they graduate."

They did. The Hazing Court had held its last tribunal. When Allen Jones reappeared, individual sophomores, without many words, made due apologies. And when the next week Jones received an invitation to be the guest of honor at a sophomore oyster stew in Room 13 he generously accepted it. At nine o'clock, however, he was excused, as generally at that time his mother's patient was settled for the night, and he always went then to visit with his mother for an hour; but, as he walked down the ell corridor and over the college grounds, he must have heard the echoes of the sophomores' song:

"For he's a jolly good fel-lo-o-o-ow,  
Which nobody can deny!"

—Judson Kempton, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

## O'Connell's Coolness.

Daniel O'Connell was once addressing an enormous meeting in Kingstown, and the crowd was so large that fear was felt for the safety of the building. As he was about to speak a gentleman ascended the platform and said, trembling with fear: "Liberator, the floor is giving way! The beams are cracking, and we shall all fall through in a few minutes." It is not given to many men to live through such moments as O'Connell lived through as he rose to address the meeting nor to preserve such magnificent courage in the face of great peril. Warning the man to keep quiet, the liberator said, "I find this room too small to contain the number who desire to come in, so we must therefore leave it and hold the meeting outside." A few rose to leave, but the hall was still packed, and then O'Connell said: "Then I will tell you the truth. You are Irishmen and therefore brave men. The floor is giving way, and we must leave this room at once. If there is a panic and a rush to the door, we shall all be precipitated into the room below, but if you obey my orders we shall be safe. Let the dozen men nearest the door go quietly out, then the next dozen, and so on until all have gone. I shall be the last to leave." The Irishmen followed the advice, the hall was quickly cleared, and as O'Connell walked across the floor the broken beams gave way.—*Oxford Chronicle*.

True courtesy is of the heart.

## The Vast Increase of Wealth.

### A DOUBTFUL BLESSING

The increase of wealth within the past twenty-five years, in this country, has been enormous. By this statement I mean that the country is richer in everything that makes a country rich, but also and chiefly that there are now multitudes of very rich men where a quarter of a century ago, there were only a few. Fifty years ago it was easy to name the individuals who had an income of fifty thousand dollars a year. Such an income implied productive property of more than a million. But the Civil War opened ways for money making upon a larger scale than we had ever known, and the change in the standard of wealth which was then made, has never been revised and reduced though it has been advanced. A few years since, a list of supposed American millionaires was published in a New York paper, but it does not include a tenth part of the men and women who have that comfortable fortune to-day. Those who possess many millions are now more numerous than the owners of a single million were then. But the startling social fact in this connection is, that while ten or twenty thousand dollars a year was accounted a large income, sufficient for the gratification of luxurious tastes, and the satisfaction of all the reasonable claims of family, social and philanthropic life,—such an income does not now, in our large cities, provide more than a respectable maintenance. I am writing about rich men and women, and what they must spend if they live among other rich people. A daughter of one of these families was married, not many years ago, to a young man who was developing one of the prosperous industries of our country. A friend said to her: "I suppose you will live in New York." "No, I shall not, until John has the same income as father; when he has a million a year I will be willing to come." Her husband met the mark before long, but she likes the home that she has made, better than a splendid city house and its burdens and cares. The majority, however, are of different mind. They wish to live in the metropolis, to have an establishment in a great city, even if they have also another one at the seaside, and perhaps a third among the mountains or by the lakes. Fifty thousand dollars a year does not go very far in keeping up an expensive household in town, with from eight to fifteen servants, and horses and carriages, and many luxurious entertainments; and a duplicate of this at the country-seat, a trip to Florida in Lent and to Europe during the summer.

All of these things must also be done in a certain style, and the American style is the most extravagant in the world. It demands the best everywhere, and usually gets it, and pays the highest prices for it. The reason why so many rich Americans continue in business after they have reached an age at which they might be expected to seek rest and a few years of calm and honorable retirement after a busy life, is often because the spur of necessity to enlarge their income is always pressing them. Their handsome incomes only serve to keep up the position in which they have always lived. Their associates are living a little better each year, getting more out of life, enjoying more, dispensing more, expanding somewhat continually and they must keep up with the pace or drop out of the race. The number of rich men has also increased so much that what they seek and demand has risen in cost. Horses and carriages and houses and choice sites for summer homes, and the wages of servants and the style of living, and of entertaining, have all grown costlier of recent years.

How many New Yorkers smiled as they read in *The Tribune* not long ago, of the simplicity of the arrangements, dresses, etc., at the ball given to the Prince of Wales when he visited this country as a young man. It was chronicled as an extravagance at that event that so much as ten dollars was paid for a single bouquet of flowers for one of the ladies. The gilded youth who does not pay more than that

sum daily, for flowers, is a rare and prudent fellow, and this is only the least of his luxuries.

Are we then a nation of spend-thrifts, the rich people setting the pace and the rest following as fast and as far as they can? I do not think so. We are called money worshippers by some; and reckless prodigals by others. Neither charge is correct. There is a new scale of wealth, and there are many more people who have large possessions, than ever before in our history. But there is as large a proportion of sensible and thrifty persons in the country as ever. There are fewer reckless spend-thrifts, and more rich men who are bestowing vast sums of money in philanthropic and charitable works. The wealth which is gathered is not hoarded. Much of it is distributed throughout the community, and a larger proportion than in former times, is given away in charity and philanthropy. There is also less self denial and less saving, the severer virtues have been sent to the background, and charity and friendliness and hospitality are displayed and advertised. The good things which multi-millionaires are doing with their gold are published far and wide, and "the woman with two mites" has little chance of commendation in comparison with them. What the end will be it is impossible to predict. It is evident now that the rich are getting richer, that the cost of everything which rich people use and demand is growing greater every day, and that competition has stretched beyond business, and entered social, and even church life, in ways that are offensive to good breeding and menacing to pure religion. Unless along with the new scale of living, and personal expenditure, there is a standard of benevolence and justice, we shall only repeat the Republic the experience of other ages, and reap an evil and painful harvest. Great wealth without mercy, charity and self-devotion, is not a blessing but a curse.—*Augustus, in New York Observer*.

## WHILE WE SLEEP.

If the body cannot be said to sleep, neither can the voluntary muscles. Witness the phenomena of sleep-walking; the postillions in stagecoach days who slept in their saddles; cavalrymen who do it today; infantry who have been known to sleep on forced marches; sentinels who walk on their beats, carrying their guns in a fixed position, while they sleep. For all we know policemen may do it, too. People who talk in their sleep are familiar to all of us.

Experiments made by Speir, Armstrong and Child on 200 college students of both sexes showed that 47 per cent. of the men and 37 of the women talk in their sleep. A number of things might be proved by these statistics. Of these sleep-talkers one-half of the women and one-third of the men are able to answer questions while asleep. More women than men could answer questions on any subject, not alone that of which they had been talking. It has also been found that most sleep talkers are under 25 years of age.

Evidently, then, with the muscles and organs of the body all working, it is the brain only that sleeps, and by no means all of the brain. The senses of sight, hearing, touch, smell and taste may be very much awake while the subject sleeps.

A sleeping person hears and answers questions, rearranges his bed clothing, covers his eyes to keep out light, draws away his hand when the experimenter tickles it. A child is broken of the habit of sucking his thumb while asleep by putting aloes on it. He is conscious of the bitter taste and dreams of wormwood. The nerves, then, and the brain centers corresponding to them are awake.

A busy lawyer, exhausted by overwork, one night went out to supper with some friends, ate, talked and walked with them, and the next day remembered absolutely nothing of the occurrence. He had not been drinking; the man was simply asleep during the whole evening. His conscious memory—that is, consciousness itself—slept.—*Selected*.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1902.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.  
One Copy, one year \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, \$1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.  
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the  
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the faintest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most long,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

### Empty Stockings.

Oh, mothers in homes that are happy  
Where Christmas comes laden with cheer,  
Where the children are dreaming already  
Of the merriest day in the year.

As you gather your darlings around you  
And tell them the "story of old,"  
Remember the homes that are dreary;  
Remember the hearts that are cold.

And thanking the love that has dowered  
So you  
With all that is dearest and best,  
Give freely, that from your abundance  
Some bare little life may be blessed.

Oh, go where the stockings hang empty,  
Where Christmas is naught but a name,  
And give—for the love of the Christ-child.  
"Twas to seek such as these that  
He came."

—ELLEN MANLY

FROM the *British Deaf Monthly* we learn that what Americans call the game of checkers, is popularly known by the "canny Scot" as the game of draughts. Also that in ancient times the very appropriate name of "dambrod" was tagged to it. Nevertheless, whether it be checkers, draughts, or "dambrod," the Scottish people decided to have a tournament, the winning team to be awarded a challenge shield which has been designed by two deaf gentlemen—Messrs. Edwin Docharty and George Edward. The shield is a handsome piece of work, having at the apex the Scotch Thistle, topped the coat of arms of Great Britain, a checker-board near the base and two men seated at a checker-table in the centre, and around the whole are twenty-four shilling pieces with blank surfaces for the names of the winning teams. If it were possible to hold an international competition, we would like to enter Dolph Eklund as a "dambrod" expert who can shove the "dambrod" buttons around in a way that is rapid and bewildering, and generally causes consternation and eventual defeat to an ordinary opponent.

A STRIKING example of the criminal negligence of parents to have their deaf offspring educated, is given in a dispatch from Jersey City to the New York dailies. A deaf-mute, sixteen years old, unable to read or write, was arraigned in the Court of General Sessions of Jersey City, charged with stealing three bottles of liquor from a saloon. Being unable to understand the charge against him, he could not plead, so Judge Blair sent him back to the county jail, where he has been confined since his arrest. He is named John Leinstecker, and lives at 555 First Street, Hoboken, N. J. As the boy is of school age, and not criminally responsible, it seems proper for the authorities of the State School for the Deaf at Trenton to investigate the matter, and if possible have him enrolled as a pupil.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is sent to press a day earlier this week, consequently late news must wait for next issue. Readers will no doubt excuse the omission, as at this season of general joy their good-will and good wishes are anticipated by the editor, who also extends to them the usual greeting of "A Merry Christmas!"

## PHILADELPHIA.

### Boy Fell Against a Hot Stove.

### A GROSS INJUSTICE.

### The Folly of Some Deaf-Mutes.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The *Inquirer* on Monday, 15th inst., reported the following:

"Pinned half in and out of an uplifted sash, his back scarred and burned, Harry Francenfield, a deaf-mute, was found at 3 o'clock yesterday morning in the window of the office of John Strain's coal yard, at 1065 Geamantown Avenue. Unable to make his plight known by an intelligible cry, the man was uttering most awful shrieks. Passers-by finally rescued Francenfield, and, seeing that he was burned about the back and shoulders, called a policeman, who sent him to St. Mary's Hospital.

"Francenfield made it known by signs that he had been asleep in the coal yard office and had fallen against the hot stove. In his efforts to escape to the street the window sash had fallen on him and pinned him fast. The mute is a well-known character in the neighborhood, and is said to be the son of well-to-do parents. Harry seems, however, to prefer a nomadic life to living at home. He has frequently done odd jobs around the coal yard and is well known to the Strains.

"Mr. Strain said yesterday that he had no idea how Francenfield gained access to the office, unless he raised the window during the night and went inside to sleep. The young man is not seriously injured."

Friday's *Ledger* contained the following. We would not have it repeated here, but this deaf-mute, whom we know to be a sober, industrious, and well-behaved man, has apparently been badly misrepresented. The whole proceeding has been exaggerated at his expense, and perhaps we should say it was due to the absence of an interpreter:

"A hearing that, strictly speaking, was no hearing at all, formed an interesting chapter in the proceedings at Magistrate Jermon's Court yesterday. The defendant, Besford Bellingr, a deaf-mute, of 2304 Memphis Street, was charged with assault and battery on Mary Martin, of the same address.

"When the case opened the Magistrate and the lawyers shouted at the top of their voices; while the defendant fought wildly with hands and arms in a vain effort to explain his case. The stenographer, who was waiting to take down the testimony, was bewildered at the strange turn of affairs. Not being familiar with the sign language, he took his cue from the actions of the mute, and made a long dash when Bellingr made a sweep with his hand, hooks when he bent his fingers and other equally mystifying curves as the deaf-mute excitedly tried to enlighten the Magistrate and attorneys.

"A hasty consultation by the Magistrate with the counsel of both parties was then had, and it was agreed that until an interpreter could be found the case should be postponed. Bellingr, surmising the turn affairs had taken, left the court room in disgust. The stenographer, however, was glad of the continuance, and quickly hid his notes from view."

We are informed that a difficulty arose between Mr. Bellingr and another party, from whom he rented rooms, about the payment of rent. Mr. Bellingr resisted an unjust claim, and, it is said, the other party was intoxicated when the trouble occurred.

Now, we have no purpose to try to whitewash our fellow deaf man in the above case, for we know too little of it; but we do think that whenever a deaf man is brought before a court he should ask for and demand an interpreter, even if he is intelligent enough to write out his side of the case. He would then have the benefit of knowing what the other side said, and thus be able to help his lawyer about facts, or himself make suitable reply.

Some of the deaf seem to think that they are smart enough to be their own lawyer, if they only get a few pointers. Others evince a holy fear of a lawyer's fee and are satisfied with a layman's advice. However much a layman may know of common law, no one is half so safe in his hands as in a lawyer's. Yet there are some who would risk hundreds of dollars in order to save a fee of fifty or seventy-five dollars. Not very long ago a deaf man came to us and asked us if we could prepare a deed for a house which he

contemplated purchasing. Imagine our surprise at such a request. Of course, we replied that we could not do it and that a lawyer could, and we referred him to our own lawyer as probably the best he could find. Later we learned that this same person made the same request of a man who is a shoemaker by trade. When such things happen, we realize more than ever the truth of Shakespeare's "What fools we mortals be." We do not wish to appear harsh here, but there seems to be ample cause to speak strongly where a man asks for legal advice and is told to go to a lawyer, but instead he goes to a shoemaker.

Here is another case. A friend of ours came to us and asked for advice about buying a house, telling us of the offers which a real estate man had made to him. We told him plainly that he would take great risk in buying a house without the help of a lawyer, and that the only other safe way was to buy it through a building and loan association.

In still another case, the terms of the real estate man seemed most unsatisfactory to us, as a layman, and it took considerable "lecturing" to convince the fellow of the wisdom of trusting such an important matter to a good lawyer.

Many cases could be cited to show the deaf have lost money, and in some cases thousands, by their own negligence or fear of lawyer's charges. How much happier these unfortunates would be now had they paid a fee and saved what they lost. How much better off others would be if they had trusted their legal affairs to a lawyer instead of a layman!

So, now, go to a lawyer on all matters of law, and to a shoemaker when you want a new pair of boots. Hear!

As Joseph Wall, late from Indiana, was leaving All Souls' Church on Sunday afternoon, he fell in a faint at the entrance, striking the side of his head on the stone step and sustaining a bad bruise. Others happened to see him fall and ran to his assistance. Failing to restore him to consciousness, a patrol wagon was summoned which took him to a hospital. Mr. Wall lately came here from Indiana, and likes Philadelphia so well that he intends to stay longer. We believe that he will be able to leave the hospital to-morrow.

Holy Communion will be celebrated at All Souls' Church for the Deaf on Christmas morning, at 10:30 o'clock.

The Cleric Literary Association will meet on Thursday (Christmas) evening.

The annual Christmas Festival of All Souls' Church will be held on Friday evening, December 27th, the 117th anniversary of the birth of Laurent Clerc.

Henry R. Smith received a visit from his sister, Mrs. Carson, of Harrisburg, last week.

Mr. J. H. Geary of San Francisco, wishes to say goodbye to his friends on this Pacific slope. He is on his way to Chicago where he may try to get employment in the Automatic Electric Company.

Last week he had a narrow escape from death at the Union Iron Works where he had been employed for months at good wages. At the time of the accident he was standing beside a workman. A piece of running machinery broke off the ceiling overhead and fell heavily on the workman, fracturing several of his bones. At the same time it touched Mr. Geary's head but without doing any harm. He put off his working apron and quit work for good. Last month a particle of iron flew in one of his eyes and he narrowly escaped losing the sight of that eye. Altogether he had seen enough of accidents around in the shop. Now he has concluded it best to go to a safer place elsewhere.

Mr. Geary is a skillful machinist. No doubt he can get a good position in the Automatic Electrical Plant. There are 62 deaf-mutes employed there at present. Mr. Carter, through whose request the deaf were given a trial at work, has now become general foreman, a place which he is to hold for a term of five years. He says he has received 121 letters from deaf-mutes in the United States congratulating him for hiring deaf-mutes and making applications for work. He says he can give employment to fifty more deaf-mutes, but only if they can prove their skill. He has appointed a faithful deaf-mute to take his old place as foreman.—*Cal. News.*

### The Boy Scored.

A Philadelphia paper relates this story, which is credited to a prominent lawyer of Pottsville, who was once a high-school principal. The former pedagogue said: "One day at school I gave a very bright boy a sum in algebra, and, although the problem was comparatively easy, he couldn't do it. I remarked: 'You should be ashamed of yourself. At your age George Washington was a surveyor.' 'The boy looked me straight in the eyes and replied: 'Yes, sir; and at your age he was President of the United States.

### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The "smartest set" in New York, 'tis said. When on Broadway daily walking, May be seen, with an elegance quite well bred, On their fingers deftly talking. For thus, in a special "wire" we're told, By a correspondent graphic, "They are able to conversations hold. Notwithstanding the roar of traffic."

'Tis an excellent plan to thus checkmate What the rattle and rush and hum do; And to silently talk at a rapid rate In the way that the deaf and dumb do; But pray don't think that it copes alone With mere noisy street abuses, It may well be turned, as might soon be shown, To a number of other uses.

For example, think of those dreadful folks Who, with noise that we cannot pardon, Talk very small talk and crack weak jokes At the play and Covent Garden. We could bear, if we could not quite excuse, The chat that they themselves increase in, If they'd only agree those signs to use. Which the deaf and dumb converse in.

Let classes for learners, then, say we, Be 'mongst play-house patrons sought, At which the deaf and dumb signs may be By efficient hands imparted; So that those who go to the play may know, Thanks to prefatory labours, How their breath to save, and to so behave As to not annoy their neighbours.

—London Truth.

### A Happy New Year.

Sit still, do, Master Raymond, said Jane, the nursery-maid, as she perched little Raymond on the table and rapidly buttoned up one of his boots. The other lay just beyond her reach, and as she stretched out her hand for it the child leant over the table, and before Jane knew what was happening, he had overbalanced and gone headforemost on to the floor.

Jane expected a howl which would summon Nurse, and her face went as white as her apron, for it was one of Nurse's strictest rules that the children should not be seated on the table, but Ray did not cry, and Jane picked him up, determined to say nothing about the fall. What did it matter, if he was not hurt, she argued.

"Is Master Ray ready?" asked Nurse, coming in with his twin sister Lettice, and Jane answered hastily, "Oh, yes."

It was two days before the New Year, and Ray's little mind was full of the passing away of the Old Year and the coming of the New.

"You know, Lettice," he said, as they walked hand in hand, "God keeps all the old years when they go away from us, and he gives us a new one, and Jesus looks at us every day to see how we use it. It's coming on Saturday night."

"What's a New Year for?" asked Lettice, whose mind flew to some sort of new toy.

Ray looked puzzled. "I don't know," he said slowly. "Mother said the bells rang in the middle of the night when it came. I shall stay awake and listen."

"So shall I," assented Lettice, who always did what Ray did. "Shall I wake you if you go to sleep? You are always the sleepy est."

Ray nodded. He began to feel tired and weary and Nurse, noticing his dragging footsteps, took a short cut home.

"I don't think Ray is the thing," she said to herself later in the evening. "I wish his mother were coming to-morrow instead of Friday."

Morning came, and Raymond slept on and on.

"Jane," said Nurse, "you must run around to the doctor's. I expect he's got a chill."

Jane's conscience woke up again. Should she tell Nurse about that fall? "It can't be that," she answered to herself, and again she kept silence.

Then the doctor came, and his first question was whether the child had had a fall, and Jane said "No," and shrank away into the night nursery.

Then a telegram went away for Ray's mother and father, and the house was kept without a sound, and Lettice was banished from the nursery. The doctor came in and out, and toward evening little Ray's father and mother bent over their darling. He did not know them, and the last day of the Old Year came, and Ray was no better.

Jane, with swollen eyes, had confessed to the fall she had caused him, and the doctor had shaken his head and promised to look in shortly after midnight.

And Ray tossed from side to side of his bed, murmured over and over again something about the bells, and how he must keep awake.

Upstairs in her strange nursery little Lettice lay in her cot with wide-open eyes. It was Saturday night, when Ray had said the bells would ring to tell them that the new year was come and she had promised to wake him.

She lay in her cot listening intently, but at last her blue eyes closed, and she slept.

At midnight she suddenly awoke. There was no sound in the house, and a candle burning in the room showed that Jane's bed was empty. Lettice sat up, and then she heard a faint sound of music.

"The bells! The bells!" Scrambling out of bed, she listened for moment beside the snow-flecked window, and then, barefooted and white-robed, she set out to find Ray. In the nursery, with breaking hearts, the father and mother sat watching him, and the lowered gaslight showing dimly his wide-opened eyes.

And then the door was softly

opened and Lettice came in. Her mother's first impulse was to stop her, but the doctor had said that nothing was likely to make any difference now—so Lettice, unheeding anything but her anxiety to make Ray hear the bells, came straight across and touched her twin's hand.

"Ray," she said, "it's come. Don't you hear the bells? Sit up and listen; it's so pretty!"

A smile came over Ray's face, and he struggled to sit up while Lettice clambered up beside him.

"Listen!" she said again.

And then, faintly and far off, Ray heard the bells ring out their welcome to the New Year. The two children listened intently for a few moments, and then Lettice broke the silence.

"Let's lie down and listen, Ray," she said sleepily. "Daddy, open the window a little tiny crack."

With their golden heads close together the children lay and listened, and as the mother watched she saw both pairs of blue eyes close. Ray had fallen as peacefully asleep as Lettice.

Half an hour later the doctor crept noiselessly into the room, looked down on them, and crept out again.

"He will do now," he whispered in the passage. "Under God that sleep will save him. You may wish him a 'Happy New Year' in the morning."—*Our Darlings.*

### "WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

A young man stood with his hand on the latch of a house in the country, admired the cheerful appearance of the place, then knocked and was admitted by an old man.

"You are Deacon Merivale, are you not?" asked the visitor.

"Speak louder. I am hard of hearing."

"Are you Deacon Merivale?" the questioner repeated, raising his voice. Still he was unheard and shouted the question in the man's ear.

"Yes; my name's Merivale"

"You had a son, Edgar, who ran away and?"

"Edgar? What do you know about Edgar?"

"I am Edgar's."

"You Edgar? Can it be that my son has come home to be with me during the last few years I have to live?"

"I was going to say that I am Edgar's."

"My boy! My boy!" sobbed the old man, falling on the stranger's neck.

Meanwhile the two had drifted from the hall into the living room. As the visitor looked over the old man's shoulder a door opened, and he saw the face and figure of a young girl on the threshold. The situation was awkward. The deacon did not see the girl or hear her. She looked at the newcomer for an explanation.

"He thinks I'm Edgar," he said. A quick intelligence passed over the girl's face.

"Don't try to disabuse his mind," she said. "He has been talking of my brother continually of late. His mistake may turn out a fortunate one."

This was a great relief to the supposed son. Now that the responsibility was on another he resigned himself to play his part.

"Father, forgive me," he said, with feigned emotion.

The old man raised his head and saw his daughter.

"Emily," he cried, "Edgar, your brother, has returned to us!"

Here was a new embarrassment. Any brother returning from a long absence would naturally take his sister in his arms for an affectionate embrace. Any sister would naturally fly to the arms of her brother. Yet these two stood apart.

"Daughter," said the old man severely, "I have forgiven Edgar. It is my wish that you welcome him home." The spurious Edgar advanced penitently and, gently putting his arms about the girl, who blushed red as a rose, kissed her.

That night after the old man had gone to bed, thankfulness in his heart at the return of his son, the stranger told Emily Merivale the story he had tried to tell her father. Edgar Merivale and Frank Tucker were joint prospectors in Colorado. Having acquired a valuable mine, it was decided that Tucker should go east and organize a company to work it. Just before Tucker left Merivale died, having charged his partner to bear the news to his father and sister. Emily dared not at present announce it to her father. She determined to advise her neighbors of the deception and for the present keep it up.

Tucker was successful in his business efforts and was making preparations to leave for the west. One evening Deacon Merivale entered the living room suddenly to find Emily in Tucker's arms.

"It leaks all," he said at the church sociable the next evening, "what brotherly and sisterly love there is between my boy and girl. Last night they were sitting on the sofa hugging and kissing as if they had been a pair of freshly hatched lovers."

This speech was not long in get-

ting to the ears of the pair. What was to be done? After long deliberation they decided to be privately married and, telling the old man that Edgar desired his sister to go west with him, take their departure together.

It was not an easy matter to perpetrate an act that must be known to all the world save one person and he of the nearest relationship, but the place was small, and every one thought it would be a pity to break the news of Edgar's death to the old man, he supposing his son had come home to him. It made Emily's heart bleed to leave her father alone, but there was no way to avoid doing so except by a confession. The couple were married in the dominion's study, then went home and bade adieu to the father.

From their western home they wrote the deacon that the mine was doing famously and as soon its success was assured they would bring him out to join them or return to him. His neighbors were much interested in hearing the old man talk about his children's affection for each other—so great, in fact, as to render them inseparable. But as time passed and they neither returned nor sent for him he concluded to make them a visit. He disappeared one day, and his neighbors at once inferred where he had gone. It was generally admitted in the village that the secret would be out, but all hoped that the shock would not break the old man's heart.

In a few weeks it was announced that he had returned. The first person to meet him was the dominie.

"Well, deacon," asked the latter, "have you visited the runaways?"

"Yes," replied the deacon, "and found them prosperous and happy. But nature will have its way. Emily, to make up for her sacrifice in devoting her life to her brother, has adopted the prettiest baby you ever saw."

A few months later the deacon died, happy in his children's happiness. The funeral sermon bore upon doing evil that good may come.

MIRIAM BAYNE.

### Wanted: A Sum In Water.

If the life of a school-teacher is a wearing one in the sense of nervous strain, it has compensations in the way of experiences which could come to no one else. The New York *Tribune* publishes the following letter, which was received by a teacher in Texas.

"Sir: Will you in the future give my son easier some to do at nites? This is what he's brought home two or three nites back:

"If four gallons of beer will fill thirty to pint bottles, how many pints and half bottles will nine gallons of beer fill?"

"Well we tried and could make nothin of it at all, and my boy cried and laffed and sed he didn't dare go bak in the mornin without doin it. So I had to go and buy a nine gallon keg of beer, which I could ill afford to do, then he went and borrowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles. We filled them, and my boy put the answer down. I don't know whether it is right or not, as we split some while doin it."

"P. S.—Please let the next some be in water, as I am not able to buy more beer."

It seems as if the most conservative teacher must have been moved by such an eloquent and reasonable plea as that.

### An Alarm Clock.

Elza Cretzer, a deaf mute in Cincinnati, O., has invented an alarm clock, so that his fellow employees, and he also, may get up in time to go to work in the early morning. The dropping of a pillow on the sleeping person is the awakening agent, and it is operated so that the pillow falls at the required time. An ordinary alarm clock is placed in a cigar box, which fits it closely, and it is then nailed to the wall at the head of the bed. A string connects the clapper of the clock with an ordinary spring mouse trap, fastened to the top of the cigar box. By a system of small pulleys and screw eyes, a pillow is fastened to the end of a string and pulled to the ceiling directly over the bed. An ingenious arrangement connects the other end of the string to the mouse trap. The clock is set, and, when the alarm goes off the string attached to the clapper of the bell springs the mouse trap and releases the pillow, which drops on the face of the sleeper. Mr. Cretzer says that he is to have a patent for the invention.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

In France, more than anywhere else, the science of economy is carried almost to a fine art. The common sewer rats of Paris are raised to clean the flesh from bones that are to be used in manufactures, but that must not be boiled to clean them. When full-grown rats are killed their furs are used for fur trimmings, their skins for gloves, their thigh bones for the highest grade of "ivory" toothpicks; their tendons and bones are cooked down to make those beautiful gelatine capsules which our physicians often give us medicine in, and their teeth are used for tipping fine burnishers for bookbinders' use.

### Great Young Men

Charles James Fog was in Parliament at nineteen.

The great Cromwell left the University at Cambridge at eighteen.

John Bright was never at any school a day after he was fifteen years old.

Gladstone was in Parliament at twenty-two, and at twenty-four was Lord of the Treasury.

Lord Bacon graduated at Cambridge at sixteen and was called to the Bar at twenty-one.

Peel was in Parliament at twenty-one, and Palmerston was Lord of the Admiralty at twenty-three.

Henry Clay was in the Senate of the United States, contrary to the Constitution, at twenty-nine.

Washington was a colonel in the army at twenty-two, commander of the forces at forty-two, President at fifty-seven.

Martin Luther had become largely distinguished at twenty-four, and at fifty-six had reached the topmost round of his world-wide fame.

Webster was in college at fifteen, gave evidence of his great fame before he was twenty-five, and at thirty he was the peer of the ablest man in Congress.

Morris of Saxony died at thirty-two, conceded to have been one of the profoundest statesmen and one of the best generals Christendom had seen.

Napoleon at twenty-five commanded the Army of Italy. At thirty he was not only one of the most illustrious generals of the time, but one of the great law givers of the world. At forty-six he saw Waterloo.

William Pitt entered Cambridge at fourteen, was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-two, Prime Minister at twenty-four, and so continued for twenty years, and when thirty-five was the most powerful uncrowned head in Europe.—*Young Men's Era.*

### The Printing Office.

Our printing class now numbers 27. What! Does it take 27 printers to do the work of your small office? No! Three full hands could do it, but we haven't one full hand. They are all learners. To get the work done, is the smallest part of the duties of the advanced printers and instructors. To show how to work takes longer and requires more patience and tact than to do the work oneself. We are a school of printing, learning how, from the beginning steps in typesetting and press-work up through all the stages of composition, job-work, making ready, and the clerical duties of the mailing department, where hundreds of names must be kept in proper routes on cards and galleys.

A student who takes the complete course in printing, whether he follows his trade after leaving the school or not, has received the fundamental training that will make him an accurate copyist, a careful clerk and a general all around business man.—*Red Man and Helper.*

### NEW YEAR'S VOWS.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THOSE WHO WOULD LEAD BETTER LIVES.

Young man, would you swear off indeed? Think of your mother, her white hair and deathless words. Think of your stalwart father, stern, but just, and prouder of you than any earthly fame or name. Think of the men your sins damn. Think of the men your good life would redeem. You can't save the race, a single city even, but take some life to-morrow and make it your concern. Say to your neighbor at your desk:

"Tom, old boy, you are in trouble. I have known it for some time. I want to help you. Don't be afraid of me. Don't laugh at me. Tell me what is wrong. I'll help you bear it. I am no saint myself, but I mean to be a better man." You will get him if he is worth saving. Take a single family of poor ones, smitten sorely this hard winter. It is too late now for a Christmas dinner, but coal and clothing and common food and an hour's chat now and then will tide them over and save you.

You may "swear off" with oaths unique and varied until you totter into your grave, still "swearing off" against death and hell, but every vow will be broken unless you learn to think of God and your fellow men. Don't mope; don't go away alone and think of yourself, your craving nerves, your past sins, your blasted hopes, your forgetful friends, your isolated and defeated life. That is suicidal. Don't, on the other hand, be sanctimonious; don't pretend; don't even tell your friends that you have turned over a new leaf; don't undertake too much. You can best think of God and men in company with those who are thinking as you want to think. For this end our Lord established his kingdom on earth.—*Rev. Barton O. Aylesworth.*

The best timber known for ship building is teak, a forest tree common in India.

In Berlin 833 public buildings are owned by the state and 497 by the municipality.



NEW YORK.

Fifteen Years on the Sea of Matrimony.

EVENTS TO COME.

Personal and Pertinent.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

On December fourth, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Meisel had passed fifteen years in wedlock. Although no invitations had been sent out many of their friends, whose friendships are not as brittle as their crystal gifts, remembering the anniversary, called at their neat and tastefully furnished home on that evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Meisel gladly welcomed their friends whose warm congratulations and good wishes were gratefully received.

The hospitable couple were ably assisted in entertaining their guests by their two bright and jolly sons. The evening passed most pleasantly and fine "emergency" refreshments were served, by the excellent house-wife, the hostess.

Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sonneborn, who a few days previous, on November 27th, had celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding day, coming on Thanksgiving Day.

They had a double celebration, inviting a few of their relatives to enjoy with them an elaborate dinner in honor and commemoration of the past year's connubial happiness.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, the use of the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's Church has been tendered to the Hollywood Club of Deaf-Mutes for the evening of December 31st, on which evening the club will give an informal social and reception as a fitting climax to the departing year. No charge for admission will be made, and everything will be free. The only stipulation required of those who attend is that they purchase some useful article, the value of which shall not be less than ten cents, and wrap it up in a package that shall weigh at least a pound. The committee in charge will later in the evening distribute the packages so that no one will receive the same package he or she brought with them, and the exchange thereof will cause amusement. Various games have been planned to keep the guests in good humor, and withal a most pleasant and profitable evening is assured all those who attend, and a "fellow feeling, wondrous kind," will pervade all who be together at the close of the Old Year and the beginning of the New Year. The Hollywood Club extends a cordial welcome to all the deaf and their friends to be present on this occasion.

The Quiet Five met the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute Basketball team, in Dr. Savage's Institute last Saturday evening, and a very pretty contest was witnessed. Manager Elsworth, of the Quiet Five, and Manager Cowan, of the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute team, got together and agreed on Archie Baxter for umpire, and Charlie Fetscher for referee, and both officials were impartial and alert in the performance of their duties throughout the game. In the first half the Philadelphia boys scored five points, all on fouls, and the Quiet Five made a score of ten. The second half proved somewhat similar to the first, the visitors making six points to eighteen for the local team. The final score was: Quiet Five, 28; Philadelphia Deaf-Mutes, 11.

The teams lined up as follows:

QUIET FIVE	PHILA.
Holmes	L. F.
Wigley	R. F.
Lynch	C.
Moeslein	R. G.
Little	L. G.
	O'Dantuchy
	Rodgers
	Chestnut

"Christmas comes but once a year, But when it comes, it brings good cheer."

Judging from excitement produced by the announcement of the celebration of the Brooklyn Guild, which comes off on Saturday evening next, at St. Mark's chapel, there will be cheer, good and hearty among the deaf who attend it. As is well known, the Brooklyn Guild's Christmas celebration has always been an immense success, and the one this year, will be no exception to those gone by. On the contrary, Mrs. Turner confessed that it was her ambition to have the coming festival the best in the annals of the Brooklyn Guild, and judging from the enthusiasm displayed by her assistants, Misses Stein, Bannan, Hendricks, and Messrs. Ecka, Reynolds, and Litchfield, she will not be disappointed.

Miss C. Newman, a deaf lady formerly of Chicago, but for the past year or more employed as a typewriter with a publishing firm of this city, celebrated her birthday with a social party at the "Florence Home for Young Girls," on Wednesday, the 17th. A pleasant time was had, with music and games, concluding with refreshments, consisting of ice-cream, cake and lemonade. Mr. I. N. Soper won the "booby" prize in tailing the donkey. The Home is an establishment for boarding young ladies who are employed in the city, but who have no homes here. The matron is a handsome and pleasant featured lady, and her wards are quite an aggregation of intelligence, refinement and beauty.

The sociable at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Friday evening last, turned out to be a very enjoyable affair. Chairman Hummer and his committee had arranged a delightful and varied programme, which was carried out with gratifying success. The autograph game placed every one in lively humor, especially wide-awake Mr. Simonson, who captured the first prize for this contest. Another game which sharpened one's intellect was in naming the New York streets. They were represented by pictures on card boards hanging around the room. For instance, Canal Street was represented by a canal; Maiden Lane, by a young Miss walking along a path; Christopher Columbus at the Court of Spain proved easy and furnished the names of two streets; Carmine Street, by a piece of that color, and so on. The prize for this contest was well earned by Mr. T. F. Driscoll, and the second went to Mr. Robert McVea. They were handsome prizes, donated by Messrs. Hummer, Dickerson, Lewis, and Miss Pancoast.

A fine declamation by Mr. Baxter was another feature of the evening. A dialogue entitled, "The New Muff and Collar," with Mr. Herman Beck and Miss Martha Jaycox as the leading characters, furnished a large share towards the evening's mirth. They impersonated a country couple who took a trip to Boston and went into a fur store, where they both quarreled over the purchase of the costliest muff and collar, which Mrs. Stubbs was anxious to possess to outdo Mrs. Tibbs, her rival in dress fluery. With the help of the suave merchant, Mrs. Stubbs carried the day, producing unhappy domestic results. The make-up of Mr. Beck and Miss Jaycox was extremely funny, and their recital called forth deserved applause. Ice cream and cake were served, and the sociable was over at ten-thirty.

The daily press, in the social news has an account of a brilliant dance given on December 18th, by Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wright, at the Lotos, in honor of their daughter, Miss Wright.

The debutante and her mother were assisted in receiving by the handsome and winsome sister of Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Augustus T. Dockerty.

The debutante was dressed in white silk, trimmed with lace, and she carried an arm bouquet of marguerites. Mrs. Wright wore lavender crepe de chine trimmed with lace, and she carried violets. The hall was handsomely decorated with flowers, and a fine collation was served.

The Committee having the Christmas Festival in charge, are doing their best to make the affair one long to be remembered. Santa Claus will appear on the stage in a rich and novel costume, amid surroundings suggestive of his native abode. Games will be played, for which prizes will be awarded before the rising of the curtain at 9 P. M. At 9.30 P. M., or thereabouts, the giving of presents begins, after which refreshments will be served. Every one possessing a feeling of fellowship toward one another should deem it his or her duty to be present, as the proceeds go to a worthy object. Doors will open at 7.30 P. M.

If Mr. W. L. Waters will communicate with Isaac Brockman, 39 Lafayette Place, the latter will consult him on business of importance.

The Silent Five basketball team started on their western schedule of games last Monday night. They will go as far as Wisconsin.

Moses Smith has just passed through what at one time seemed a dangerous illness. He is now able to take his daily constitutional in the open air.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Sonneborn and Mrs. Henrietta Lef, of Chicago, are in New York for the holidays.

Anthony Reiff is recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

It is estimated that more than 1200 carloads of celery will be shipped from California this year, the crop being the largest ever harvested.

OHIO.

Lost His Arm But Not His Pluck.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

News of the Week.

[News items for this column may be sent to Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Another party was given to Mr. Wark, of Michigan, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, last Saturday evening. Games, puzzles, forfeits and conundrums were the order of the evening, to make it pleasant and lively for those gathered and no one had need to be overcome by the blues. Then too, the inner man was not neglected, for there were dainty refreshments passed around while the fun was at its height. Those who were there were Mr. and Mrs. Ohlemacher, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. A. H. Schory, Misses Bessie McGregor, Zell, Biggam, Lillian McFadden, Lawson and Munnell, Messrs. Zell, Wark, Clum and Hayman.

James Flanagan, a deaf-mute, aged 32, from St. Paul, Minn., was here for a day or two this week, and Superintendent Jones kindly furnished him lodgings. He is a one-armed man, and before the loss of his limb was a harness maker. For a living he now sells soap and pencils. On leaving the Institution, he sought out the charity relief headquarters, and asked to be given transportation to Newark, Ohio; where he said he could get work in a shop. The superintendent in charge, Rev. Eagleston, suggested that he go over to the County Infirmary, where he could receive proper care. To this Mr. Flanagan replied on a tab, "I positively refuse to go to the poorhouse. I can work selling soap and pencils or do anything but go to the poor-house. That I refuse to do while I am young and able-bodied." This man is certainly to be commended for his grit. Pity there are not more people like him, and Supt. Eagleston remarked that if everybody had as much pluck as this man, the infirmaries would soon be empty. The man was given transportation to Newark, and we hope he has been successful in getting work in some shop thereto keep him at least through the winter season.

Last week, Mr. C. H. Newton, of Emlenton, Pa., tank-measurer and assistant gauger of district 39c, National Transit Co., United Pipe Lines division, was in a runaway accident that came near costing him his life. He uses a fine bred, fast horse in going the rounds of his work. The horse is rather wild and dangerous to drive over the mountain roads, and Mr. Newton had been advised to get one more gentle. The day the accident occurred, the weather was biting cold and in his work looking after pipes, Mr. Newton had made fourteen runs, an unusual big day's work. The horse had to stand hitched for an hour or more at a time, and this with the cold weather had made it impatient and eager to be on the go. It did let go, and on the way home and the result was a smashed buggy, though fortunately Mr. Newton escaped serious injury. He has a new one vehicle now of the Moyer make, and unless he gets a more gentle horse, the oil men say, it's likely to get smashed, too, and perhaps cripple for life or kill the owner.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ohlemacher have, as their guest, the former's sister from Norwalk, Ohio, who will stay till after the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wornstaff were in the city yesterday and today, and their Columbus friends were all glad to see them. Mrs. Wornstaff came down Tuesday with her mother, and has been doing some Christmas shopping for Santa Claus up at Ashley.

Saturday evening Miss Bessie Edgar entertained in honor of her High School classmate and co-laborer in the Institution, Miss Lulu Stelzig. It was the last of the kind before Miss Stelzig's marriage, and she will remember it as one of the most pleasant affairs. Those in attendance were teachers at the Institution.

The storm doors to the east, south and west entrances to the main-building were placed in position this week. Now look out for winter.

Harry Romaser, one of the pupils of the school, has started in the photographing business, and judging from the run on his shop, he is reaping a nice little pile of the coin of the realm.

The pupils' Endeavor Societies have given toward the Christmas offerings to the poor of the city, and the Salvation Army, which has the matter in charge, have sent a letter of thanks to the donors through Superintendent Jones.

Mr. Nathan R. McGrew, in renewing his subscription to the JOURNAL, speaks of his having bought a property in the town of Gilman, and has rented his farm

out. He likes town life, but finds it a little queer that he has to pay five cents a quart for his milk, when before moving, he had all he wanted for nothing. Some thirty or thirty-five years ago, he set out over 2,000 maple trees on his farm, from which he now obtains his stove wood. Coal sells at \$4.50 a ton in his town. It's of the soft variety too.

Mrs. Eliza Bard is back in Columbus, after a month's stay down near Cincinnati with relatives. While there she had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Sarah Williamson Scott.

Two of the deaf of the city were awarded prizes in the total vote guessing contest, given by three of the Cincinnati papers. One drew five dollars and the other seven dollars and fifty-four cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ohlemacher gave a card party last night at their home, on Twenty-first Street, which proved a pleasant affair. Those present were Misses Zell, Bessie McGregor, Ida Ohlemacher, Munnell and Grace Nutt, Messrs. Zell, Zorn, Clum. Refreshments were served during the evening. No prizes were awarded.

Here's wishing to the readers of the JOURNAL a joyous happy Christmas.

Dec. 20-'02 A. B. G.

BALTIMORE.

Preliminary services in connection with the Golden Jubilee celebration of Grace P. E. Church, were held Thursday night, December 11th, in Grace Chapel. The exercises began at 8 o'clock with a service of evening prayer. Rev. J. M. Koehler, of All Souls' Church, Philadelphia, Pa., and formerly in charge of Grace Deaf-Mute Mission, delivered a historical sermon on the Past, Present and Future of Grace Mission. In the chancel in full vestments were Rev. A. C. Powell and Rev. O. J. Whildin, pastor of the Deaf-Mute Mission. The chapel was crowded to the doors, and Rev. Mr. Whildin felt happy. Addresses of a complimentary nature were made by Revs. Powell, Koehler, Whildin and Rev. D. E. Moylan, of the M. E. Mission, who was formerly lay-reader, and had charge of the Mission for five years. Mr. H. T. Reamy, treasurer of the Guild, also spoke. At the conclusion of the speeches, a fine collation was served in the basement of the church.

The M. E. Church will have its Christmas entertainment on Monday night, December 29th. Toys, candies and useful articles will be distributed among the children of the members. Outsiders will receive a bag of candies.

John E. Fowble, of Carroll County, is already in town to spend the holidays with relatives and friends. He limps about painfully because of a swelling on his right knee, caused by slipping on the ice at home.

Janitor Wm. A. Smithson has been granted a two week's leave by the School Board.

Mr. James O. Amoss has entirely recovered from his serious sickness and has again gone to work at the U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington D. C. His wife and youngest daughter are getting better.

Rev. Mr. Whildin informed us that Grace Guild will have an oyster supper and fair in Parish Hall, on January 21st and 22d, 1903. Oyster suppers are always the go with the deaf-mutes of the Monumental City, and no doubt this affair will be a success.

Walter Merrick is now comfortably domiciled at the residence of his brother-in-law, Wm. Bomhoff. Walter looks hale and hearty, and has many thrilling stories to recount of the perils of oyster-catching near his home, over in the Eastern Sho.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Branflick have been invited to spend Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Gehb, at their pretty country home, near Mt. Winans. Mr. Gehb has a well managed truck farm and well stocked poultry yard of wide repute. He deals only in the best stock—Plymouth Rocks.

At the regular business meeting of Grace Guild held December 18th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. O. J. Whildin; First Vice-President, J. W. L. Unsworth; Second Vice-President, Miss Lola Pettit; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Harry T. Reamy. George Leitner was chosen as one of the Executive Committee. It was decided to dispense with the Christmas Tree entertainment, and instead a social will be held December 31st, to usher in the New Year.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, to the Editor and readers of the JOURNAL.

HARRY W.

Wanted.

A DEAF-MUTE man desires a place. He can do housework or farm work. Wages expected, \$5 a month. Address: Housework, care DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

FAN WOOD.

An Amusing Entertainment.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

News of the Week

From our Regular Correspondent.

The officers and members of the Executive Committee of the Fanwood Literary Association had charge of the last meeting for the present year, and gave a Christmas entertainment. They gave a play in three acts, called "The District School at Blueberry Corners." All the players were dressed in old-fashioned clothes such as school-boys and girls wore long ago. The platform had been arranged to represent a country school. There were desks and benches in plenty, also the teacher's table and the stool for the dunce. Below is the

PROGRAM

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AT BLUEBERRY CORNERS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Mr. Uriah Perkins, Chairman.....H. Powell  
Mr. Jacob Billaker.....V. Birk  
Mr. John Smith.....F. King

APPLICANTS.

Miss Dashaway.....Miss P. E. Burchard  
Miss Belinda Sharp.....Miss E. E. Buckingham  
Miss Simple.....Miss M. L. Barrager  
Mr. Hezekiah Pendergrass, (the successful applicant).....Mr. I. Gardiner

PUPILS.

Bobby O'Lee.....Mr. T. F. Fox  
David Smith.....Mr. E. P. Clark  
Jeremiah Jenkins.....Mr. E. M. Burdick  
Sam Simon.....Mr. W. G. Jones  
Stephen Tucker.....A. C. Stern  
Jack Snooks.....W. Renner  
Billy Crowfoot.....F. C. Berger  
Polly Smith, David's sister.....  
.....Miss P. E. Burchard  
Molly Pepper.....Miss M. L. Barrager  
Sally Brown.....Miss E. E. Buckingham  
Lucy Brown, Sally's sister.....  
.....Miss A. Craig  
Chloe Johnson.....Miss A. E. Judge

ACT I. Examination of Teachers

ACT II. The first day of School  
1. Geography. 2. Spelling. 3. Recess. 4. Arithmetic. 5. Language.

ACT III. The last day of school

1. Declaration.....Sam Simon  
"I don't see why boys have to speak"
2. Poem.....Polly Smith,  
assisted by David Smith.  
"Mary had a little lamb"
3. Declaration.....Stephen Tucker  
"Willie had a purple monkey"
4. Recitation.....Lucy Brown  
"My Kitty"
5. Declaration.....Bobby O'Lee  
"The school at Blueberry Corners"
6. Recitation.....Chloe Johnson  
"I like to see a little dog"
7. Poem.....Molly Pepper  
"My love is like a red, red rose"
8. Recitation.....The School  
"Our school now is over"

The play was amusing throughout, and lasted more than one and a half hours. In the second act the pupils all came upon the platform, carrying their lunch in all sorts of pails, baskets and bags. They represented all sorts of scholars, bred on farms, and the patience of their teacher, Mr. Hezekiah Pendergrass, was something more than wonderful. His scholars were getting into scrapes all the time, or admiring the other sex of their class, or doing everything else except studying. Their pranks and answers to the teacher's questions were at times so funny that the audience roared with laughter. In the last act the school was in better order. The pupils appeared to be awed by the presence of the school committee. The exercises for the last day of school were gone through with the pupils trying to be at their best which, of course, made them look all the more awkward.

The exercises were wound up with a declamation, "Our school is now over," in which all took part, Molly Pepper leading. At its conclusion, the committee, teacher and scholars all wished the audience a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Probably the most important event of the year, in the minds of the little children, is their annual Christmas festival. It came off last Friday afternoon, December 19th.

The rooms were beautifully decorated with ropes of pine and holly wreaths. In the main room stood a Christmas tree, beautiful in its many decorations made by the little boys and girls, and mysterious packages stood hidden among the branches. On the slates were crayon sketches illustrating a Christmas story. They were drawn by the pupils of the art department. The low kindergarten tables were covered with dainty Japanese napkins, and a vase of flowers stood on the centre of each.

At two o'clock, the little ladies of

the kindergarten assembled in the hall and met their small gentlemen from the Mansion House. A procession was formed and they marched gayly to the rooms where the beautiful surprises awaited them. First came the busy popping of cap-mottos, and soon each donned a cap. Some were funnily shaped, and the merry faces and bright colors made a pretty spectacle. There were candy and cakes, fruits and nuts in plenty, which were thoroughly enjoyed, and as every one was wondering what the next surprise would be, in walked Santa Claus. Some sharp eyes were able to detect Mr. Jones in the disguise, but most looked on him with awe and veneration, evidently believing him to be the old Saint himself. After shaking hands with all the tots, he proceeded to distribute the gifts. Each one was remembered and received a box of candy. Then the party dispersed, and every one left the rooms with faces all beaming with smiles of happiness.

Prof. W. G. Jones finished "The Crisis," last Sunday night. For more than a month he has been entertaining the pupils in the chapel Sunday evenings with that novel. It was a very interesting book.

Two Sundays ago everybody was kept in the house by a blizzard, but last Sunday they were kept in by a very hard rain. It seems that we will have a green Christmas this year.

Our sincerest sympathy goes to Miss Helena P. Newman, who mourns the loss of her father, who died last week.

Most of the pupils and teachers went home for the Christmas recess on the 23d inst.

Work on the new building has so far progressed rapidly, and the workmen are now laying the granite base.

Christmas greetings to all.

W. R.

'Ware the Shoo Fly Man!

BRIDGE POLICEMEN GET A SCARE FROM TWO MEN WITH NOTE BOOKS.

Two men stood behind one of the iron columns at the Bridge entrance last night. One was making motions with his hands and pointing toward the car tracks where three policemen stood assembled.

"Certainly they are," whispered one of the cops.

"I think so, too," agreed the second.

"Well," said the third, "if they are shoo flies they can't report us."

The men behind the post continued to make motions. Finally one of them took a notebook from his pocket and wrote in it. The other bowed, sniled and pointed to a policeman near the telephone booth. Then both started to walk toward him. When the men reached the policeman they halted and one of them raised his hand and wriggled his fingers.

"We were only talking on business," explained the cop. "One of the conductors could not handle a drunken man."

Finally the stranger took a pad from his pocket, wrote something on it and showed it to the policeman. He read it and wrote something in reply. The two men boarded a car for Brooklyn and the policemen got together.

"I suppose they made you sign your name to the charges," suggested one.

"No," answered the telephone cop, "they wanted a Fulton Street car. They ain't shoo flies; they're deaf and dumb."

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The ladies of the Aid Society will have their first Christmas tree and entertainment Tuesday evening, December 30th, at the Parish House of St. Luke's Church. Every one is welcome. Santa Claus will distribute gifts to the little ones. Every one will receive a box of candy and an orange. Refreshments will also be served. Come one and all! Be sure and bring the children!

The Ladies' Aid Society gave a "lunch box social" Thanksgiving Day, and quite a sum was realized, which went to the Christmas tree fund. Out-of-town friends present were Lincoln Ellis, of Cortland, N. Y., and Miss Day, of Buffalo.

Mr. Chas. Stowell, of Perry, N. Y., was last week the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer.

Miss Annie Day, of Buffalo, formerly of St. Louis, Mo., spent Thanksgiving week with Mrs. Geo. S. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis entertained friends Saturday evening, December 13th. Various games were played, and a pleasant time was had. Refreshments were served. Those present besides the host and hostess were: Miss Jessie Curphy, Mr. C. W. Stowell, Mr. George Woodward, Mrs. Germann and Miss Germann, mother and niece of Mrs. Davis, from Buffalo. Owing to the severe blizzard, several other invited friends were unable to be present.

Miss Myrtle Manning is enjoying a several weeks' visit with friends, somewhere in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Lincoln Ellis, of Cortland, N. Y., spent Thanksgiving Day

with Mr. and Mrs. John Francis. Mrs. G. Davis entertained her mother, and brother and family, of Buffalo, last Sunday.

We wish all the readers of the JOURNAL—the best paper for the deaf—a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

IMOGENE.

Dec. 20, 1902.

Newburgh, N. Y.

It looks like an old fashioned winter in hilly Newburgh. There is about five feet of snow, and very good sleigh riding going on.

Little Tommy Dobbs, a son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Dobbs, has been on the sick list, but the thought of Santa Claus made him recover quickly—the best medicine indeed—others had better try it.

Mr. C. D. Edmonston and sisters, Sarah and Ruth, spent Thanksgiving Day at their brother Thomas' home in Kingston, and had a very pleasant time.

There will be a sociable for the deaf-mutes in the basement of the Church of the Good Shepherd, on Saturday evening, January 17th. There will be games for prizes, including refreshments. Admission will be 15 cents. The committee consists of Messrs. C. D. Edmonston and John H. Dobbs, Misses M. A. Riley and Sarah Edmonston. Mr. W. Ogle will give an exhibition of "Happy Hooligan."

MOLLIE.

CHURCH NOTICES.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, HOLY INNOCENTS, DECEMBER 28TH.

St. Ann's Church, New York, 3 P. M.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P. M.  
Holy Communion.  
Gallaudet Home.

Guild of Silent Workers, in St. Ann's Guild room, Tuesday, December 30th, 8 P. M.

BUFFALO AND ROCHESTER.

BUFFALO.

First and Third Sunday of each month (in the basement of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street), 8 P. M. Evening Prayer; Second Sunday, 11 A. M., Holy Communion; Fourth Sunday, 11 A. M., Morning Prayer.

All other Sundays (on the second floor of the Parish House, 138 Pearl Street, opposite St. Paul's Church).  
Second and Fourth Fridays, 8 P. M. Meeting of the Pan-A-Pan Society, (in the Parish House).

ROCHESTER.

In Parish House of St. Luke's Church.  
First Sunday of month, 11 A. M. Holy Communion.  
Second and Fourth Sundays, 7.30 P. M. Evening Prayer.  
Third Sunday, 11 A. M. Morning Prayer.  
First Thursday of month, 8 P. M. Ladies' Aid Society.  
All other Thursdays, 8 P. M. Social gatherings.

Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointments.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28TH.

10.30 A. M.—Trinity Church, Utica.  
3.00 P. M.—Zion Church, Rome.  
7.30 P. M.—St. Paul's, Syracuse.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4TH.

10.30 A. M.—St. Paul's, Troy. Holy Communion.  
3.00 P. M.—St. Paul's, Albany.  
7.30 P. M.—St. Ann's, Amsterdam.

Owing to the present scarcity of coal, many parishes have reduced services to a minimum, and it is impossible to announce services for the deaf any length of time in advance. Services for the deaf will be held as opportunity offers and notice will be given by postal cards.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.  
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7.30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class, at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P. M.

Exhibition of moving pictures, in the church auditorium, Thursday, January 15th, at 8 P. M.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A SUPERB EXHIBITION OF MOVING PICTURES

Thursday, January 15, at 8 P. M., in the

Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church,

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

The entertainment is given under the auspices of the Society of Deaf Members, who have arranged for an evening of unalloyed enjoyment with such an array of pictures as will interest, instruct and delight every one, the series lasting from five to twenty minutes, and the whole extending over two hours. A written description will precede the views, and music will be provided for the hearing friends.

TICKETS, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.



### The Banner of the Sun.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

It was New Year's Day in Mendoza at the foot of the high Andes. Over the city of the pampas loomed Tapungato, like a very dome of the earth, white and glistening, with the condors wheeling below at the point of the rocky crags but never mounting above the barren crystal heights. The flowers were still blooming on the pampas, although it was so late in the year, but there was eternal winter in the silence of the sky.

A company of Spanish and Creole ladies had gone into the chapel of the earthquake-shattered church. They were doing their benevolent work for the Army of the Andes that was encamped on the near pampas.

An army officer dashed by on a splendid horse. Manoeuvring on the open plain stood the glittering Army of the Andes, that might be seen through the lace work of the trees.

"Whither go they?" asked Dona Mira of Lois Beltram, a wandering mendicant friar. She knew where they purposed to go, but as she looked up to the white walls of the Andes, the feat for which they were preparing seemed utterly impossible.

The wandering friar was one of the strangest men in all history. He was a Sam Adams or a Benjamin Franklin of South America. He was filled with the fire of liberty. He had ceased to care for himself, and gave himself wholly to the cause of the emancipation of South America from Spain.

"Whither go they, Dona Mira? Why do you ask? Go they? go they? They are going into the sky, and over the Andes, and they will descend from the sky like the condor, and woe be to the prey on that day! Whither go they? They go to the stars for the liberation of the fairest land on all the earth! This year, Dona Mira, San Martin will accomplish the miracle of the world, he will cause the Andes to bow down before him; he will move the mountains, and make South America free!"

"And how dost thou know, Friar Lois Beltram?"

"Know? because to a soul like his nothing is impossible. Even Hannibal crossed the Alps, and Napoleon followed him, and the Corsican said that 'impossible' is the adjective of fools. Dona, did not Caesar say that if Nature herself impeded his march he would compel her to obey? These were men without faith except in the human will. Dona, Gen. San Martin has a higher faith than that. Did you ever hear his motto of life?"

"No, Friar Beltram. What may that be? He will need to follow a high motto indeed if he carries out his purpose, which is now plain."

"Listen, Dona Mira. This is New Year's Day. The Don San Martin's motto is a good one for this New Year's day. It is this:—

"Seras lo que debes ser, y serio, no seras nada' (Thou must be that which thou oughtest to be, and without that thou shalt be nothing)."

"Those are marvelous words, Friar."

"They are words of life. He has made me, friar that I am, director of the forges and arsenals. That will unfrock me, if I serve. 'But I am no Vulcan,' I protested, when he suggested this appointment; 'I am only a wandering monk.'

Then he pointed to the Andes as they rose up in the morning sun. 'Can it be done?' he said to me. I answered: 'Yes, Don San Martin.' Then, as his sword flashed out, he cried:—

"Thou must be that which thou oughtest to be—power lies in that way!"

Dona Mira looked up at the Andes.

Look, look, Dona Mira. Those are the walls that we are to take. We must scale the walls of God."

Twenty-one thousand feet the Andes gleamed above them, and the lowest pass was twelve or more thousand feet high. Poursing down their sides into the semi-tropical gardens of balm and bloom, were the melting torrents. The work of the ages of the creation was there, when the volcanos were forges, and mountains rose from the caverns, and sunk into valleys of fire.

The world of the cacti and thorny plants was there underneath the white walls of eternal snows.

The snow was gleaming on the high Cordillera in blinding splendor. "Dona Mira, for that expedition we shall need a banner of the sun. I am going to take off my frock to weld weapons—not the cloister, but the great valley of the fires of the forges where weapons are to be made to free mankind from chains, is to be my place of service. Heaven wills it so, Dona, have you faith that Don San Martin can ever lead an army over the walls of the Andes?"

"Friar Beltram, I have. This year shall see it done."

"I have made my New Year's resolution; it is that of San Martin. I go must be that which I ought to be, and without that I shall be nothing. I go to my forges!"

"Friar, I will go and call my ladies, and we will make here a

banner of the sun. This year I will take God at His word, and put my faith in the heavens. Faith can cause mountains to move, faith in man can do much, in God everything. I thank thee for this New Year's motto, Friar Beltram. We must be that which we ought to be, and without that we shall be nothing."

On the 17th of January, 1817, there was a high holiday at Mendoza, the bowery and beautiful city under the Andes, on the plain of Argentina. The streets were blooming with flags. That day the whole Army of the Andes, headed by Gen. San Martin, who has been called the "greatest of Creoles," were to march through the town, and were to receive from the ladies a flag to be borne at their head as they were to attempt to march over the Andes for the liberation of Chili and Peru.

The cannon thundered, and the thunder was echoed back from the walls of the Andes. San Martin swept up to the chapel on his charger, and the women gave him the flag they had made. It was a banner with the figure of the sun. "Bear it up to the sun," said Dona Mira.

San Martin dismounted, and ascended a platform in the square or plaza. He waved the flag over his head in the sunlight, and cried:—

"This is the first flag of independence that has ever been raised for the country!"

"Viva la Patria!" rose from the army and the people.

"Soldiers," he cried, and we use his exact words, if tradition may be followed, "swear to maintain it, and to die in defense of it, as I now swear!"

The army made the oath. The cannon boomed; the musketry rolled, and was echoed from the crags. That was a great day of faith for South America and the Austral world.

"Whither go they?" Over the Cordillera with the flag of the sun—the flag of redemption for one half of South America.

On the 5th of April the Army of the Andes stood on the plain of Maipo. It had come down upon the Spaniards like a condor from the sky, and had won a victory. The frozen bodies of some of the soldiers who perished in that march over the Andes were found years afterwards on heights where the condors had not sought them.

The morning that found that army on the plain of Maipo was overcast. At last the heavens opened, and the sun gleamed on the white summits of the high Andes, and streamed over the army. It shone on the flag of the sun. San Martin saw it and hailed it as an omen.

"The enemy are ours," said the greatest of the Creoles.

"Yes," said Friar Beltram, "the enemy are ours."

The Spanish power in South America received its death blow on that day. The arms made in part by Friar Lois Beltram drove the Spaniards to the sea.

What a motto was that of San Martin for New Year's resolution! The achievement of what men call "impossible" is but the attainment of what is possible under the higher law of faith. San Martin won the independence of Chili. The country offered him 10,000 ounces of gold as a reward, but he refused it. "I did not fight for gold," he said. He must be that which he ought to be.

He won the independence of Peru. The Spanish Peruvians offered him the supreme power, the Incarial crown. "I have achieved the independence of Peru," he said, "and I have ceased to be a public man."

He went over the sea, from these republics whose independence he had gained—Argentina, Chili, Peru,—and lived an exile, and died in poverty, and ten years afterwards was crowned, dead as it were, his remains being enthroned in that glorious temple of Buenos Ayres known as the tomb of San Martin. The Austral world never can forget the opening of the year of 1817 at Mendoza and the Banner of the Sun.

The world is full of disappointed men, but San Martin in his poverty and exile was not of them. No man will ever be disappointed who finds his happiness in spiritual things or in the good of others.

Reader: face the Andes of life this year with the motto of San Martin, the greatest of Creoles. To live is better than to gain; to lift, better than to lean. What is there that is not possible to a high purpose in life?

"Seras lo que debes ser, y sino, no seras nada!"

"This is not the life to which heaven is promised," wrote Dr. Johnson at New Year's, on reviewing a year of irresolution. That which ought not to be will not be; it has the gravitation of oblivion. Would it not be well for you to write in your diary on January 1:—

"I will be that which I ought to be, for without that I shall be nothing."—Hezekiah Butlerworth in Success.

Great quantities of cheap American cigarettes are being smoked by natives of India.

### Eyes an Index to Character.

A person's character is often indicated by the color and depth of his eyes. You seldom see a stupid person with grey eyes, and the genuine grey is always found among highly intellectual people.

Steel-grey eyes, with large pupils, denote intense feeling; blue-grey eyes are generally possessed by people with kindly minds. You never find a mean spirit behind a pair of blue-grey eyes.

Blue eyes denote observation, quickness of thought, and, generally fine physical development when they are large and bright. Most people selected for physical perfection have blue eyes.

When the eyes are of an intense bright steel blue color they denote valor in battle. Most great generals, fighters in heart, had blue eyes. Napoleon, Wellington, Gordon and Kitchener are examples.

And the remark may serve to illustrate the saying of Augustine Thierre, the great French historian, that black-eyed nations will always be conquered by blue-eyed ones, and, eventually, annihilated by them.

Hazel eyes denote musical ability and grace of person; they are very pretty eyes and always enhance the beauty of a woman who possesses them.

Soft black eyes very often denote weakness in character, although they often indicate obstinacy.

The eyes obey the action of the mind and are the first to betray the thoughts. Eyes can not lie. They are as bold as lions, roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. When two pairs of eyes meet they are immediately on intimate terms.—Max O'Rell.

### The Cashier's Last "Exception."

The bank teller sees all kinds of people, and so has many stories to tell of the men and women whose fortunes pass through his hands. A writer in the *Detroit Free Press* has been gathering the adventures of some of those patient and careful men who stand behind the grille, and receive and deliver the money of the world.

One day a fat little colored woman came in with a dime saving-book. She carried a huge basket of clothes, and her remark, as she handed in her book, was, "I want to draw my remains."

Many people, chiefly women, expect the bank to put aside for them the identical coins when they deposit, never thinking, apparently, that the bank can make no gain on money that it does not put out at interest. A young woman came into a branch savings bank with two double-eagles of the year 1840.

"I should like to have these back when I draw out my money," she said. The clerk explained to her that all money which came into the bank must be turned to practical use at once.

"But," she expostulated, "those are valuable pieces, and they might get lost if you let them go into circulation. And besides, think of the disease they might accumulate and bring back to me!"

Some time after the closing hour of a large bank which makes a specialty of the accounts of wealthy women, an elegantly dressed woman attempted vigorously to open the door.

"Shall I let her in?" asked the janitor.

"Yes, we'll make an exception in her case," replied the teller, who was rather impressed by her appearance.

"I should like to open an account," she said, looking at the teller through her lorgnette.

"For how much, madame?"

"About seventy-five," she answered.

The teller made out a book for seventy-five dollars. The woman handed him seventy-five cents.

That was the last time the cashier ever "made an exception."

## DRAMATIC And SOCIAL Entertainment

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

### New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society

FOR THE DEATH BENEFIT

TO BE HELD AT

755 Broad Street,

Over Wiss' Store,

NEWARK, N. J.

Saturday, January 24, 1902.

Door open at 8 o'clock P.M.

ADMISSION, - - - 15 CENTS.

Prizes to the winners of different games.

Come and enjoy yourself.

## Christmas Festival

IN THE

GUILD ROOM

OF

St. Ann's Church,

148th St., West of Amsterdam Ave.

Saturday evening,  
December 27, 1902

REFRESHMENTS SERVED.

PRESENTS FOR ALL.

Stage scene with Santa Claus in the foreground, etc.

TICKETS, 25 CENTS.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. A. Pfeiffer, Mrs. W. Fitzgerald,  
Miss M. Pearce, Miss V. Pearce,  
Miss M. Jaycox, Miss L. Weeks.

Theo. I. Lounsbury

Book  
Job and  
Commercial  
Printer

Convention Proceedings  
Institution Reports  
Institution Stationery  
Society and Church Work

208 East 59th St.,  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALPHABET CARDS.

50 Cards, with name, .25  
100 " " " .50  
250 " " " 1.00  
50 Cards, without name .25  
100 " " " .40  
200 " " " .75

EXTRA FINE VISITING CARDS.

50 Cards (no alphabets). .40  
100 " " .60

Cash in advance. Stamps accepted. Stamps must be sent for reply to inquiries, or for sample.

THIS SPACE

IS RESERVED FOR

THE LEXINGTON A. A.

[PARTICULARS SOON.]

**PATENTS**

Quickly secured. OUR FEE DUE WHEN PATENT OBTAINED. Send model, sketch or photo with description for free report as to patentability. 45-PAGE HAND-BOOK FREE. Contains references and full information. WRITE FOR COPY OF OUR SPECIAL OFFER. It is the most liberal proposition ever made by a patent attorney, and EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD READ IT before applying for patent. Address:

**H. B. WILLSON & CO.**  
PATENT LAWYERS,  
1200 N. 4th St., WASHINGTON, D. C.



### THE REAL ESTATE OWNER

has the whole earth for a foundation to his fortune. Real Estate is the only permanent fortune. Real Estate, in a rapidly growing city, is a fortune that grows greater and greater all of the time and produces an income at the same time. Duluth is a rapidly growing city. The Howard Investment Company was incorporated in 1890, with an authorized capital of \$500,000, to acquire improved real estate in Duluth. That is the only kind of real estate it owns or will own. Every investment made for the Company has the careful attention of its officers, who live in Duluth. The Company pays cash for all of its holdings. It has no indebtedness. By taking stock in the Howard Investment Company you are simply buying an interest in unencumbered improved real estate in Duluth, one of the most rapidly growing and promising cities in the United States.

Preferred Stock is \$50 per share, 5 per cent. is guaranteed on this stock.

Common Stock is \$25 per share. It will pay at least 6 per cent. from the start.

For further particulars and a list of stockholders, address

JAY COOKE HOWARD, Secretary.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA.



**CYKO**  
Photo  
Paper

Prints at Night

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 20c. for one dozen 4 x 5 size with developer.

THE ANTHONY & SCOVILL CO.

123 & 124 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.

Atlas Block, cor. Randolph and Wabash CHICAGO.

Photographs

BUFFALO 1901

Empire State Convention  
Teachers of the Deaf  
Supt's and Principals

Platinum..... \$2.00  
Carbon..... 1.50  
Silver..... 1.25

Sent on receipt of price.

PACH BROS.,

935 B'way, New York.

Ranald Douglas.

General Landscape

Photographer . . .

Railway Scenery a

Specialty . . .

We also make

Etchings on Copper

and Zinc from our

own Negatives only.

Livingston, N. J.

Groups

OR SINGLE PICTURES

with scenery, or house as background, a specialty.

For particulars, write or call on

JOHN L. CONNERTON,

River, cor. Hoosick Street,

TROY, N. Y.

SUBSCRIBE

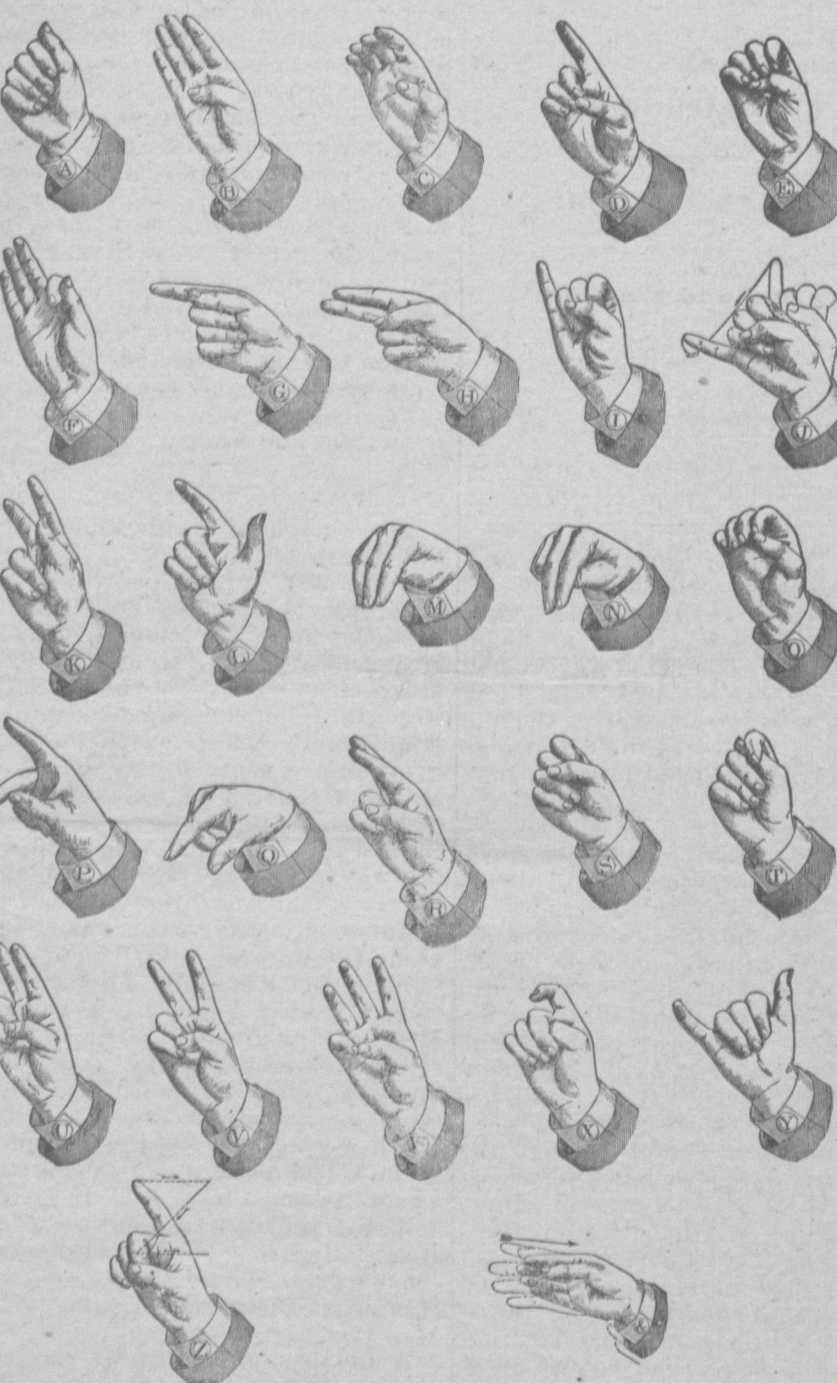
FOR THE

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

ONLY!

\$1 a Year.

## American Manual Alphabet.



Annual

Entertainment and Reception

of

The League of Elect Surds

Majestic Hall

125th St. bet. Lexington & Park Aves.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1903

[PARTICULARS LATER]

COME and SEE "FOXY GRANDPA and his BOYS" at the

Monster Masquerade  
and  
Costume Ball

OF THE  
BROOKLYN DEAF-MUTES'  
CLUB

LIEDERKRANZ HALL,  
Manhattan Ave. and Meserole St.,  
BROOKLYN.

Saturday Evening, February 21, 1903.

MASQUERADE MARCH STARTS AT 9 O'CLOCK.

ADMISSION, - (Hat Check Free) - 25 CENTS.

COMMITTEE:

ALEX. MCILWRAITH, Chairman,

FRANK ECKA,

THOS. O'GRADY,

JOHN SHEA,

J. BUCKLEY.

Prizes!

Prizes!

Prizes!